

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be first that giues this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said;

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer

Would vse his heauen for thunder;

Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen;

Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt

Splitts the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,

Then the soft Mercill: But man, proud man,

Drest in a little briefe authoritie,

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

(His glasse Essence) like an angry Ape

Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,

As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,

Would all themselves laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

Pro. Pray heauen she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may test with Saints: tis wit in them,

But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt it right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollerick word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

Luc. Art auid's o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?

Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe

That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,

Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know

That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse

A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,

Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue

Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speaks, and 'tis such sence

That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Isab. Hark, how hee bribe you: good my Lord turn backe.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,

Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore

As fancie values them; but with true prayers,

That shall be vp at heauen; and enter there

Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserued soules,

From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate

To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what hower to morrow,

Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time fore-noone.

Isab. Saue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselves: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the *Prouost*: what's your will, good Friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Juliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her owne youth,
Hath blisfurd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duke. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue provided for you, stay a while

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you (saire one) of the sin you carry?

Jul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Duke. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience

And try your penitence, if it be found,

Or hollowly put on.

Jul. Ile gladly learne.

Duke. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seemes your most offence full act

Was mutually committed.

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

Jul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duke. 'Tis

Duke. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame, yet still
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we stand in feare.
Jul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with ioy.

Duke. There rest: O sister, would I might
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him: *Exit.*

Grace goe with you, *Benedicite*, *Edm* was I *Edm* *Exit.*
Jul. Must die to morrow? oh inuious *Loue*!
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pity of him.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To seuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,

As if I did but onely chaw his name;

And in my heart the strong and swelling euill

Of my conception: the state whereon I studied

Is like a good thing, being often read

Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie

Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,

Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume

Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit

Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser soules

To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood;

Let's write good Angell on the Deuills hornie

'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauen,

Why doe's my blood thus muster to my heart?

Making both it vnable for it selfe,

And disposseising all my other parts

Of necessary fitnesse?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,

Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre

By which hee should reuiue: and euen so

The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King

Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse

Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue

Must needs appear offence: how now saire Maid,

Enter Isabell.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, wold much better please

Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

Isab. Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be

As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue

(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted

That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha? he, these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that ha

A man already made, as

Their sawcie sweetnes,

In stamps that are forbi

Falsely to take away a

As to put mettle in rest

To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe

Ang. Say you so: th

Which had you rather,

Now tooke your broth

Giue vp your body to s

As the that he hath stain

Isab. Sir, beleue th

I had rather giue my bo

Ang. I talke not of

Stand more for number

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not w

Against the thing I say

I (now the voyce of the

Pronounce a sentence o

Might there not be a ch

To saue this Brothers li

Isab. Please you to d

Ile take it as a perill to

It is no fine at all, but

Ang. Pleas'd you to

Were equall poize of s

Isab. That I do beg

Heauen let me beare it:

If that be sin, Ile make i

To haue it added to the

And nothing of your an

Ang. Nay, but heare

Your sence pursues not

Or seeme so crafty; and

Isab. Let be ignoran

But graciously to know

Ang. Thus wisdom

When it doth tax it selfe

Proclaime an en-shield

Then beauty could disp

To be receiued plaine,

Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence

Accountant to the Law

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other

(As I subscribe not that,

But in the losse of questi

Finding your selfe desir

Whose credit with the

Could fetch your Broth

Of the all-building-Law

No earthly meane to saue

You must lay downe the

To this supposed, or else

What would you doe?

Isab. As much for m

That is: were I vnder th

Th'impression of keene

And strip my selfe to de

That longing haue bin fi

My body vp to shame,